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Poetry.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

This counterpart of him
also shall remember long,
in lineage, how grim
was his Tuscan song.

at the burning sense of wrong,
and sear, abide;

friendship for the lordly strong,

of all the world beside.

If this wan image be,
in his life was, but a fight;

my Justice see

in the anchorite?

bold Ghibelline's gloomy sight

had guessed the vision came

veiled in heavenly light,

of eternal flame?

What of that! what is life? who values it?

One thinks only of glory when he is twenty, and born a gentleman.—

Fancy me returned, my dear mother, in a few years, colonel, or lieutenant general, or with a fine charge at Versailles.

And what will result from that?"

"I shall be esteemed and honored."

"And then?"

"Every one will take off his hat to me."

"And then?"

"And then I'll marry my lovely Henriette, and make good alliances for my sisters, and we will live with you, tranquil and happy, on my lands in Brittany."

My son? what hinders thee from com-

mencing now? Has not thy father left

thee the finest fortune in the country? Is

there in ten leagues around, a richer dom-

ain or a finer chateau than Roche-Ber-

nard? Art thou not honored by thy vas-

sals? When thou passest through the

village, is there one that fails to take off

his hat? Do not leave us, my son: re-

main with thy friends, with thy sisters, with

thy old mother whom on thy return thou

wouldst perhaps see no more. Do not ex-

pend in vain glory, or shorten, by cares

and torments of all kinds, the days which

fly so swiftly: life is sweet my son, and

the sun of Brittany is so beautiful!"

Saying this she showed me, from the

windows of the saloon, the beautiful vistas

of my path, the old chestnut trees in blos-

som, the lilacs, the honey-suckles embalming

the air with rich perfume, sparkling in

the sun.

In the ante-chamber was the gardener,

with all his family. Sad and silent, they

also seemed to say, "do not depart, my

young master; do not leave us!" Hor-

tense my elder sister, pressed me in her

arms; and my little Amelie, who had been

turning over the engravings of La Fontaine's

fables, approached, and presenting the book

"read, read, my brother," said she weep-

ing. It was the fable of "The Two

Pigeons!" I rose abruptly and thrust them

aside.

"I am twenty, and born a gentleman, I

must win glory and renown,—let me de-

part;" and I darted into the court.

I was entering the chaise, when a lady

appeared in the doorway. It was Henriette;

she wept not, she spoke not; pale

and trembling, she could scarcely support

herself. With her handkerchief she made

the last sign of adieu, then fell without

consciousness. I ran to her, raised her,

in my arms, vowed love while life lasted,

and the moment consciousness was return-

ing left her to the care of my mother and

sisters, and ran to my carriage, not

daring to turn my head. If I had looked at

Henriette I could not have gone. In a

few minutes, the carriage was rolling over

the great road.

Awhile I thought only of Henriette, of

my sisters, of my mother, and of all the

happiness I was abandoning, but these

ideas were effaced in proportion as the

turrets of Roche-Bernard faded from my

sight, and soon the dreams of ambition

and glory alone had possession of my

mind. How many projects were formed!

how many castles built in the air? Riches,

honors, dignities, success of all kinds I

denied myself nothing, I merited and ac-

corded all, in fine, elevating myself as I

advanced on my route, I was duke, gov-

ernor of province, and marshal of France,

and a general health when liberally used as

a article of human food.

FORWARD THE GROWTH OF VEGETA-

BLES—Whether cucumbers, melons, &c.,

like a turnip, scoop out the inside, and fill

it with rich and fine earth; sow the

seeds, and place them in a warm part of

the house. They will soon vegetate, and

by the time the frost has passed,

they may be set abroad in the open ground—the

soil offering no disturbance, but afford-

ing nutriment on its decomposition.

BRANS WITH CORN.—We are decidedly

more decided in mixed husbandry, as a general

thing; but a few beans dropped by the

side of a hill of corn, not in it, are we

now, no injury to the standard crop.

Selected Tale.

For the Mercury.

THE PRICE OF LIFE. A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

BY FRANCIS A. CARL.

place; the streets have a military aspect, and even the citizens have a martial air seems marked by fatality. It was pale, his dark eyes darted lightning, and at times, his features, worn by suffering, were contracted by a smile, ironical and infernal.

I supped at the table d'hote, and asked some questions respecting the road to the Duke de C——'s chateau, three leagues from the city.—"Any one can direct you," said they; "it is well known—that there died a great warrior, a celebrated man, the Marshal Fabert." And, as among young officers was very natural, the conversation fell upon the Marshal Fabert. They spoke of his battles, of his exploits, of his moderation, which caused him to decline the patent of nobility, and the collar of his order which Louis XIV offered him.—

Above all, they spoke of his inconceivable good fortune, that though only a private soldier, he had attained the rank of Marshal of France: he a man of no family.

This, the only example that could then be cited of such success, appeared, even during the life-time of Fabert, so extraordinary, that the vulgar confidently assigned his elevation to supernatural causes.

They said he had been occupied, from his infancy with magic and sorcery, and had made a compact with the devil. Our host, who to the stupidity of a Champeroux peasant, averred, with the utmost sang-froid, that at the chateau of the Duke de C——, where Fabert died, a black man, whom no one knew, had entered his chamber, and disappeared carrying with him the soul of the Marshal, which he had formerly bought, and which therefore belonged to him; and that even yet (in the month of May, the epoch of Fabert's death,) a little light was seen to appear in the evening, carried by the black man.—

The present was nothing to me, I existed only in the future, and the future presented itself to me under the most sombre aspect.

I was nearly thirty years old, and had yet done nothing; then, from all sides arose, in the capital, those literary characters, the music of whose fame resounded even through our province. Ah! sighed I often to myself, if I could but win a name in the career of letters, I should at least gain renown, and in it alone is there happiness. The confident of my grief was an ancient domestic, an old negro, who was in this chateau before my birth; he was certainly the oldest person in the house, for no one could recollect when he came; the people of the neighborhood asserted even that he had known the Marshal Fabert, and had been present at his death.

At this instant, my interlocuter seeing me make a gesture of surprise, stopped and inquired what was the matter with me.

"Nothing," said I. But involuntarily I thought of the black man of whom our host had spoken the preceding evening.

Monsieur de C—— continued:

"One day before Tago, (this was the name of the negro,) I gave way to despair at my obscurity, and the uselessness of my days, and cried, "I would give ten years of my life to be placed in first rank of one of authors." "Ten years," said he coldly, "is a great deal, it is paying very dear for a trifling, nevertheless I accept your ten years, I will take them: remember your promise, I will keep mine." I cannot describe to you my surprise at having him speak thus; I thought that years had endeared him to me; I shrugged my shoulders and smiled, and some days after this I left and went to Paris. I was introduced into the society of literary men; their example encouraged me, and I published several works. I will not detain you by relating their success. All Paris was eager to see them, the journals resounded my praises, the name I had assumed became celebrated; and even yesterday, young man, you would have admired —"

At this part of the recital the unknown interrupted me: "You are not then the Duke de C——?" cried I.

"No," replied he coldly.

And I said to myself, "a celebrated man of letters—is this Marmontel? is this d'Alembert? is this Voltaire?"

My unknown sighed; a smile of regret and sorrow passed over his lips, and he resumed his recital.

"This literary reputation that I had so much deserved was soon insufficient for a soul as ardent as mine. I aspired to a more noble success; and I said to Tago, who had followed me to Paris, and who had never left me, there is no real glory, no true renown, but that which is acquired in the career of arms. What is a literary man, a poet? He is a nobody. Talk to me of a great captain, of a general of an army; that is the destiny I wish; and for a military reputation I would give ten years of the years which remain to me. "I accept them," replied Tago; "I take them, you belong to me; forget it not."

At this part of the recital the unknown stopped, and seeing wonder and perplexity depicted in my countenance, remarked, "I have told you, young man, that this would seem a dream to you, a chimera—it seems even so to me—and yet the rank, the hours I have obtained, were not an illusion: the soldiers I have led to the combat, the redoubts captured, the colors, the victories with which France has resounding, all this was my work, all this glory was mine."

While he marched back and forth, speaking with warmth, with enthusiasm, surprised seized all my senses, I said, "Who then is he? Is he Coigny? is he Richelieu? is he the Marshal de Saxe?"

He closed the door and resumed his seat.

Agitated, and trembling, I listened to his words; they were grave and solemn; his countenance had an expression that I had never seen in any one. His face,

to what alone is real and positive in this world; and when at the price of five or six years of existence I desired riches, he accorded them! Yes, young man, yes; I have seen fortune second, even surpass, all my wishes: lands, forests, chateau. Even this morning all was in my power, and if you doubt, doubt me, doubt Tago; wait, wait, he is coming and you will see proofs; and there are in all that surrounds us, in our organization even, many other mysteries that we are obliged to acknowledge, though unable to comprehend."

He stopped an instant as if to collect his ideas, passed his hand over his forehead, and continued, "I was born in this chateau. I have two brothers, my seniors, to whom would revert the wealth and honors of our house. I had nothing to expect but the gown and bands of an abbe: yet thoughts of ambition and glory fermented in my brain, and made my heart beat faster. Unhappy in my obscurity, eager for renown, I dreamed only of means to acquire it, and thus rendered myself insensible to all the pleasures and sweet of life. The present was nothing to me, I existed only in the future, and the future presented itself to me under the most sombre aspect.

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"Indeed!" replied he with astonishment; "is that paying too dear for glory, fortune, honors?" Think again, my young man! Let us go off to Versailles!"

"No! no!" he replied, "that would

LATER FROM EUROPE.

steamship Africa, from Liverpool, arrived at Boston, Thursday last, will be reopened, and a meeting will be held Saturday, the 26th, without Plenipotentiary, and another, the 28th, at which he would be present; but Lord Palmerston's position in Parliament would indicate meetings are preliminary only. A severe rain storm and darkness, some charged up to the British, and some leaped over the parapets beyond. The Russians fought hard; rain had damaged their arms and they attacked with rockets; losses were severe. The British lost a few, and over 100 killed and disabled. Gortschakoff telegraphs: "The enemy's fire is weak; our losses are small. Both sides are repairing and batteries. Severe battles before."

Paris Patrie gives further particulars that the French attacked the entrenched camp near the Quarantine, on the night of the 22d, and on the night of the 23d, when it was assaulted. The battle was with the Russians.

Information had reached the Consul at Elsinore, that the Russian government had ordered all the ships at Copenhagen to be sunk except eight.

Advises of the 19th state that fortified harbors in the Bay of Finisterre placed in a state of siege.

Mortality in the Austrian army in continues great. 15,000 have died 2000 are in the hospital.

BRITAIN.—A great debate ensued on the evening of 25th when brought forward the motion of confidence; that Parliament can now for a recess without expressing dissatisfaction with the ambiguous and uncertain conduct of the government in reference to the question of war, and that under these circumstances the House feels its duty to grant it will continue to give every effort to the Queen in the prosecution of war, until, in conjunction with her, she shall obtain a safe and honorable peace.

Israel and his supporters lashed the armament, and especially Lords Palmerston and Russell.

J. Russell replied defending his act at Vienna, and the debate was adjourned and resumed Friday evening. The House divided—219 for D'Istria; majority for the government.

Consequently the Ministry stands.

The bill abolishing newspaper stamps and a second time in the Lords.

On the 24th Lord Palmerston held a meeting of members of Parliament at home—over 200 present. Lord Palmer asserted the unanimity of his movement, and declared its intention of securing a pardon for O'Brien.

—The appointment of General to command is well received in France.

Queen Victoria visits Paris on the 16th and 17th.

Russia has just annexed four parts of the country belonging to the tribes on the frontier of China.

CROMWELL'S VETERANS.—The two of the "Ironides" appear to have been at the time of his death in 1715, one hundred and thirty-two; and Thomas Winslow of Tipperary, Ireland, who died in 1766, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty.

He held the rank of captain when accompanying Oliver on the famous expedition to Ireland in 1649. But perhaps the remarkable relic of that period transferred to our times, was the son of Oliver's drummer, which son was near Manchester, so recently as 1843, the age of one hundred and twenty—was James Horrocks, whose father, young him to have been a drummer of the age of ten at the Protector's service, and he had been more than seventy-five at the birth of the son, but the case is quite probable.

From "Notes and Queries"

DAVEN TAYLOR'S IDEA OF A FRIEND—friend shares my sorrow, and makes it moiety; but he swells my joy, and makes it double. For as two channels ride the river and lessen it into rivulets, make it fordable and apt to be drunk by the first revels of the Sirens star; two torches do not divide, but increase a flame; and though my tears are the dew dried up when they run upon my cheek in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his up we unite the glories and make them like the golden candlesticks that stand before the throne of God, because they are by the numbers, by unions, and combinations of light and harmony.

TUESDAY, June 5.

SUPREME COURT.—The suit in equity, H. Ives vs. Charles T. Hazard, in which complainants ask that defendant be sued to make conveyance of a tract of about five acres of land in Newport, bought on an alleged contract, was this morning taken up. The morning was opened by Mr. Binney; but at the opening of the Court in the afternoon, the parties agreed the cause should be argued in writing. Thereupon the cause was entered and the Court adjourned to Tuesday morning.—*Prov. Journal*.

A FISH WORTH CATCHING.—The New Haven Palladium says that Mr. George Lamb of Groton, Ct., caught in his net last week a codfish weighing fifty pounds. In the stomach of the fish were found six squids, and a complete set of fishing gear to which was attached a lead weighing ten and a quarter pounds.

POPULATION OF FALL RIVER.—The census of Fall River, just completed by the assessors, shows a population of 12,742. The population last year was 12,700; increase in one year, forty two. In 1845 it was 10,290, and the increase in eleven years has been 2,452.

Captain Ericsson writes a long letter upon the calorific engine, declaring that he has not abandoned it, but is still engaged in the prosecution of experiments for its perfection.

MEMORANDA.

Sid in Venice, 19th ult, ship Wm Sprague, Bowes, for Devonport, E.

Sid in Vera Cruz 19th ult, bark J. A. Hassard, Williams, for Coatzacoalcos.

MILITARY.—The Governor of Massachusetts has ordered the militia of that State to encamp by divisions during the ensuing summer.

A physician in large practice was asked yesterday, if New York was healthy. He replied—"Unusually so; the disposition of provisions from which we derive most of our practice!"

N. Y. Courier

"HE DIED OF BROKERS, Sir"—The following, from an exchange, is worthy of a place in poor Richard's Almanac:

"He did not die of cholera—he died of brokers, sir!" said a man to us yesterday, speaking of the death of his friend. "He projected an unwise improvement of a piece of real estate—made loans, covered himself with bonds and mortgages—and finally incurred a 'street debt' of \$2,000, which rapidly rolled up to \$8,000, and crushed the life right out of him. He borrowed Canada money on call, to be paid in current funds—got paper discounted payable in seven days in the city of New York—borrowed Ohio and Kentucky currency for one day, returnable in notes of Buffalo banks—shunned it from street to street and friend to friend to keep the debt ahead of him—Why sir, I could not sit down to consult with him, or do any kind of business with him, with the least assurance that he would not jump up suddenly to go out and give another shove to that accrued debt. The memorandum-book of his obligations was always in his bosom, and, sir, it burned to the poor man's heart. He was owned by brokers. He worked for them, lived for them, died for them. He did not die of cholera at all, sir. He died of a street debt, upon which he expended his strength every week in throwing it ahead from one day to seven days."

STATISTICS OF ACCIDENTS IN THE ENGLISH FACTORIES.—Upwards of two thousand and accidents in factories—being the usual average—occurred in the half year last reported upon the English factory inspectors. Of this number, all but about a hundred were not only preventable, but such as willers are bound by law to prevent. The law compels these gentlemen to fence their machinery; but in an unfortunately large number of instances, the obligation is resisted. As a consequence of this resistance, one-and-twenty persons have, in six months, been drawn into machinery, and slain by every variety of torture, from breaking on the wheel to being torn limb from limb. One hundred and fifty working people have had torn away from them, during the same six months, a part of the right hand that earns their bread. A hundred and thirty-two have lost part of the left hand. Eight-and-twenty have lost arms or legs; two hundred and fifty have had their bones cracked in their bodies; more than a hundred have suffered fracture of other serious damage to the head and face; and one thousand two hundred and seventy-two have been painfully, but not dangerously, torn, cut or bruised.

MISSING SERMON.—The following occurrence took place at the Old South Church on Sunday last. The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher was supplying the pulpit, and in the afternoon placed his manuscript sermon in the Bible, and turned over the leaves to another part of the book to read his text. In the meantime he forgot where he had placed his sermon, and when wished to begin the delivery, was so nicely placed between the leaves that he did not discover it. He looked under the Bible and around the desk and even peeped over the front of the pulpit to see if it had not perhaps fallen over but all in vain—and the Doctor began to exhibit evident signs of anxiety. A man seated in the gallery, and who saw clearly the cause of his embarrassment, applied an effectual remedy, by rising and saying—"Dr. Beecher, it's in the Bible." The Doctor renewed his search, and in a moment was ready for the delivery of his sermon.—*Boston Traveller*.

MISSING.—An emigrant to the Liberia writes:

"This is a fine country. It is one of God's favorite places on earth. Gardens may be planted at any season. Lima beans if planted once, remain for six or seven years, and sweet potatoes are as fine as I ever saw, and not of one kind only. We have a great many other fine things. Plantain and rice make a kind of bread that is as nice as pound cake. Palm oil makes most everything to eat. In this country there are just as fine living as in any other—Yellow people in this country live just as long as black people."

I did not tell you of pawpaws that grow here. It is one of the nicest kind of vegetables; and as to fruit, there is the pine apple, orange and mango plum, rassing plums, limes and the coffee in the berry makes nice fruit like plums. In this country the oleander is perpetual.

USES OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE ARTS. It is computed that the amount of the precious metals costumed in various ways is from forty to fifty millions of dollars value per annum. The quantities used in manufacture of watch cases, pencil cases, plates, household materials, and in the arts, enormous. It is stated that for gilding metals by the electrolyte, and the watch gilding process, and in the Staffordshire patterns, no less than 18,000 to 20,000 ounces are annually required. In Paris, 18,000,000 francs are used for manufacturing purposes, yearly, and in the United States, \$10,000,000 is the estimated amount converted into ornamental jewelry.

A man once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a poor woman was at work washing her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, and what word she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered! She could not even tell the text of the sermon. "And what good can the preaching do?" said he, "If you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put the water on it, the sun dries it all up; and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter."

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The new board of managers of the Washington Monument have issued an address to the people of the United States imploring their sympathy and assistance in the prosecution of the work. The address says that the construction expense hitherto has amounted to \$230,000 and that according to the original estimate a million dollars more will be required to complete the structure.

A editor says:—"Meeting a friend in the street the other day with a broad grin on his phiz, we asked him the cause.—He pointed to a sirloin steak he was carrying and said, that as he was hurrying home, a gentleman offered him twenty-five cents for the privilege of walking a short distance beside that steak."

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A VILLAIN CAUGHT.—On Thursday evening two detective police officers from the United States arrived in this city, in search of a young man named Alexander Massie, who was charged with having committed violence on a young girl about 13 years of age at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a short time since. They communicated with our chief of police, who at once set our two detectives, O'Leary and Colome, in search of him. They were furnished with a written description of his person and dress. During Friday every exertion was used to ascertain his whereabouts; every tavern, hotel, &c., being visited, out in vain. At an early hour Saturday morning O'Leary was again in search of him, and on going down Great James street, he saw a person who in every way answered the description. He watched him closely, followed him up to the post office, heard him ask if there was any letter for Alexander Massie, and taking him by the collar said, "you are my prisoner." He was at once conveyed to the centre police station, where he admitted he was the person. In his left coat pocket was found a double-barrelled revolver, loaded with ball, and capped.—He left the city in charge of the American officers, on Saturday afternoon. Massie is a married man, and has two children.—Great credit is due to our active detective O'Leary, in effecting this arrest.

Montreal Pilot, May 28.

ABUNDANCE OF SILVER.—A letter from Washington says:—A few months since a general complaint of the scarcity of silver was heard throughout our land, and in order to meet the demand for coin, orders were issued from the Treasury Department authorizing the purchase of bullion. These orders have been so promptly filled that counter orders have just been issued stopping the purchase. A draft for \$11,800 was sent to Beebe & Co., of New York, on Saturday last, on account of a purchase of silver, and another to the cashier of the Bank of America, for \$66,195. These purchases were made in New Orleans, and the silver was from the Mexican mines.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A MAN BIT BY A CROCODILE.—Wheeling Times of Tuesday says:

Mr. Kelly, who is at present exhibiting a monster Crocodile under the Melrose House, while attempting to feed the ferocious beast on Sunday evening, had his left hand caught in his ponderous jaws, and the metacarpal bones of the middle and ring fingers fractured, and the hand otherwise lacerated. It was with some difficulty that the beast was compelled to relinquish his hold. Dr. Smith, who dressed his wound, thinks it will not prove very serious.

MORE GUANO.—A mercantile friend in this city informs us that there has been a new discovery of guano in the North Pacific Ocean, which bids fair to prove of great value. The first cargo, we are further informed, arrived in the United States a few days since, and having been analyzed, proves to be equal to the Peruvian. As our information goes, this discovery is strictly American, and therefore the Islands or island belong to us.

DIED.

In this city, 6th inst, by Rev. Mr. Brewer, Mr. CHAS. W. WHITNEY, of Worcester, Mass., son of John M. and only daughter of Mr. John N. Potter, of this city.

In Pawtucket, Mr. JAMES B. AMES, Jr., of T., to Miss MARY E., second daughter of Joshua Wilbur, Esq., of Pawtucket.

In Providence, 21st ult, MR. GLEN T. BROWNELL to Miss HANNAH R. WILBUR, both of Little Compton.

In Providence, 29th ult, MR. SAMUEL H. NEV, to Miss ABY, daughter of Olney Hendrick, Esq., at 12 P. M., with Mr. HORACE R. BATES, of P., to Miss ANNE B., daughter of Marvin, R. I.; Mr. CLARK P. THILFORD to Miss SAMUEL H. HANCOCK, of P.; Mr. GEORGE J. YOUNG, of P., to Miss MARY J. MEDDREY, of Smithfield.

APRIL 21—6m.

Special Office.

Holloway's Pills for the Cure of Sick Headaches, &c. and Weak and Disordered Strengths.—These wonderful Pills have been the means of restoring health many persons pronounced incurable by the faculty, both in Europe and America. They are safe, perfect safety, and a certainty of effecting a cure by persons suffering from general debility, sick headache, diseases of the stomach, liver, or other complaints, and those who are predisposed to dropsey cannot use a more effectual remedy than Holloway's Pills, acting as they do upon the very main-springs of life, no disease can resist their influence. The effect they have is mild, yet speedy, and as a family medicine they are unequalled.

The Campaign Commenced.

EDWARD LANGLEY'S ROOT AND HERB JUICING BITTERS.—Now is the time to use them. A success in every way, invented by DR. LANGLEY'S of ASARAPALIA, WILLIAMS, CHERRY, LOW DOOR, PRICKLY ASH, THIMBLEWEED, DANDELION, MANDRAKE AND RHUBARB ROOT AND HERB BITTERS, against the multitude of diseases so common at this season of the year, such as Bilious Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Pain in the Sides and Bowels, Humor in the Blood; weak and disordered Stomach, General Debility, &c. They are always good, and stand well in quart bottles.

WHITE'S MEDICINE.

DR. WHITE'S MEDICINE.

